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A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM

By B. W. Kilburn

WOODLAND AND MEADOW

OUT OF DOOR PAPERS
WRITTEN ON A
NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM

BY
W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."
"IN NATURE'S IMAGE."

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE
BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS.

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TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE

THE following papers, and the photographs which illustrate them, are offered in book form, not as an attempt to adequately describe the various phases of Nature and life on a New England farm. The volume is put forth rather as merely suggestive of some of the interests which attach to life on a New Hampshire hill farm as we have happily found it. It is a life which possesses a perennial charm for those who have experienced it; and apparently at present is exerting its beneficent influences over a constantly increasing number of dwellers in the city.

The author wishes gratefully to acknowledge the sympathetic co-operation, in the preparation of this book, especially of the illustrative features, of his wife, Daisy Wilson Adams, and of his life-long friend, Benjamin West Kilburn. Others have also most generously granted the use of photographs which appropriately illustrate the pages they were selected to embellish.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

Hilltop Farm,
Littleton, N. H.
July, 1901

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THE NEW ENGLAND FARM

HILLTOP FARM

By W. I. Lincoln Adams

* * * "A bright hilltop in the breezy air,
Full of the morning freshness high and clear,
Where I may climb and drink the pure, new day,
And see where winds away
The path that God would send me shining fair."

Edward Rowland Sill

Chapter I

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM

EZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH has said that "The best and most substantial property in the world is the New England farm; if you have one, keep it; if you have not, secure one; live simply and honestly, and you will live long and prosper and enrich your soul and leave an honest name."

And later in the same article* he gives some reasons for the assertion, which are, that "the time may come when the country will be largely divided into monopolists, dependents, and farmers, and the farmer will be the most independent of all men and the saving power of our institutions. The relief from the perplexing problems of the time is a simple, honest, character-building, faith-sustaining life on the soil."

And he concludes his very thoughtful paper, to which I refer the interested reader, as follows: "The permanency of the New England schools and historical scenery, the assured stability of her manufactories, with

* "The Future Value of the New England Farm" in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September, 1890.

a tendency to create the finest fabrics, the prospective revival of commerce, the grange, and the enterprises incidental to these conditions make the New England farm an ideal possession. The New England farmer who says that the farm is a thing of the past is himself but a product of the past. The man who has a five-thousand-dollar farm in New England, with five thousand dollars in the bank, and who will live within his means, is a millionaire, and his possession and contentment are not unlikely to outlast that of the millionaire."

In another article* in the same excellent magazine from which I have quoted the above, Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, points out that "the $200-a-year-income farm is a more important factor in the national welfare than the $50,000-income farm is. The one is in the reach of any industrious and intelligent man. The other is in the reach of the few. The one is safe and steady. The other is speculative and uncertain. We need the moderate and modest farm to make citizens. We use the other to make money. The large money-making farm is a useful object lesson. It shows that business and executive ability can make money from the land as well as from a salt mine or a bicycle factory. But it is a fallacy to hold it up as the ideal in American farming."

Both writers suggest that the principal benefit to be derived from the New England farm cannot be computed

* "Does Farming Pay?"

" A pretty little lake which nestles among the foothills "

By B. W. Kilburn

in dollars and cents, though an independent and comfortable living can be had on it. It is "to make citizens," "to live long," "to enrich your soul and leave an honest name," that this "simple, honest, character-building, faith-sustaining life on the soil" is recommended.

It was for this that we came to Hilltop.

"The glory of the farmer," according to Emerson, "is that, in the division of labors, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of the race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for the time to other hands. If he have not some skill which recommends him to the farmer, some

THE LITTLE RED "DEESTRICK" SCHOOL
By W. J. Lincoln Adams

product for which the farmer will give him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, as standing nearest to God, the first cause."

For preparing the youth for life the farm is better than the university. Here, as nowhere else, can the

AN AMERICAN ELM — By W. I. Lincoln Adams

natural sciences be studied and mastered. The earth, in its changing seasons, lies revealed as an open book, which all may read. The habits and care of living creature and growing plant is, as it were, unconsciously learned. The beauty of nature, and the strength and repose of those who dwell close to it, is indelibly impressed

upon the growing youth. The useful arts of husbandry; the ever-present economy of nature; and, perhaps, greater than all else, the enduring health which is here stored up in brain and brawn, suggest the reason for that widely observed fact—the humble country origin of most of the world's really great men.

The road to Hilltop Farm from the thrifty little village which serves as the metropolis for Northern New Hampshire, gently ascends, for three miles or more, the gradual slope of the Western Hills. On the outskirts of the village we pass a typical New Hampshire farm. Our road then winds through a silent grove of ancient pines, and past a pretty little lake which nestles among the foothills, a little further on.

We are now out on the open countryside, and see in the distance the usual little red "deestrick" schoolhouse, with its woodhouse attached, and nearby the comfortable pile of winter wood. Past another wood, this time of maple, beach and birch, and we approach the confines of the farm, and begin the ascent of our last hill, between the neat white fences which here line the highway. The cattle are comfortably browsing on the hillside beneath the spreading branches of a magnificent American elm, and the distant hills on the upper waters of the Connecticut can be dimly seen in the opening vista of the trees at this point.

We now approach the turn in the road, and the lovely green foothills of Vermont, just over the river, lie peacefully and restfully before us—a view of which we never tire. And so on to the cozy little farmhouse itself, which nestles close, for shelter, just over the ridge, on the southern slope of the protecting hill.

By Daisy Wilson Adams

IN THE SUGAR CAMP

THE SUGAR CAMP

By L. F. Brehmer

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Chapter II

IN THE SUGAR CAMP

AS the end of March approaches in Northern New England, and the snow begins to disappear from the exposed hills, the open fields and along the winding country highways, the farmer's thoughts are turned, not lightly, like "the young man's fancy," toward love; but, nevertheless, toward something equally as sweet—toward "sugaring."

The sun now shines with a genial warmth during pleasant days, drawing the wintry frosts from the yielding earth, and giving to the air the mellow promise of spring. The nights are still cold and frosty, however, and this is an essential of good "sugar weather," as the sap must freeze at night and thaw during the day in order to "run" properly for making sugar. The "lingering snow" still remains in sun-sheltered places and is deep in the woods

and ravines. The appearance of winter is still present on the hill farms.

As the season advances, the delicious sap of the sugar maple begins to rise, and will soon drip freely from the taps when they are applied to the trees. Sugar weather, as usual, has come with a rush, and sugar-making occupies the days, and sometimes also fills the nights, of the busy farmer. The extra "help" previously engaged for the spring and summer work is immediately summoned, the glistening tin buckets are quickly suspended from the new taps on the sugar maples, and receive the dripping sweetness as it exudes from the generous trees.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR CAMP By B. W. Kilbourn

What sound of Nature is more musical than the drip, drip of the sap as it tinkles on the bottoms of the new tin buckets at the taps. As few other sounds of the country, it takes the gray-haired farmer back to the wonderful days of his boyhood, when he played at sugar-making on his father's farm. It reminds him of the ever-returning youth of Nature and makes him feel young again.

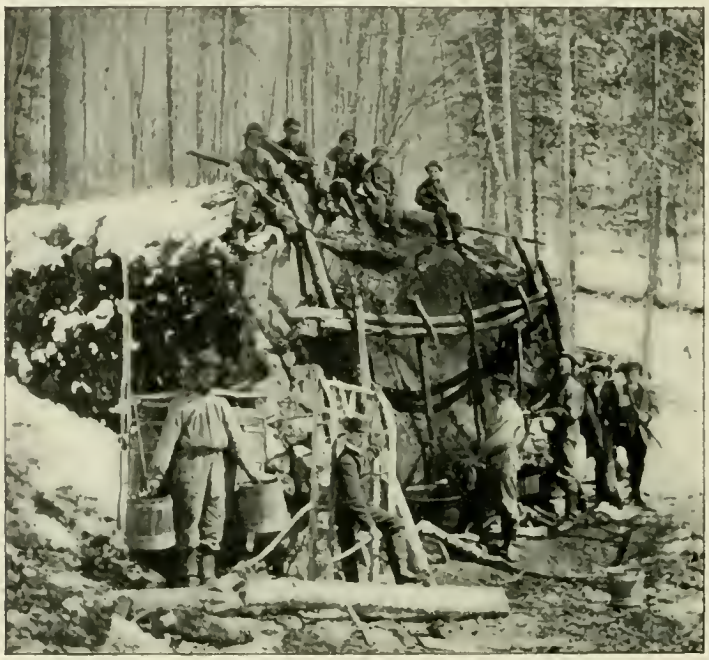
Soon it becomes necessary to go around through the "sugar orchard" with the sled bearing the huge gathering tank and collect the sap from the full buckets at the trees. This is merry work, and has to be done quickly in order to save the sap from running over and wasting. Sometimes the snow is too deep for the horses to make

A "GATHERING" SCENE — By B. W. Kilburn

headway in the woods, and the sap has to be carried by hand to the sugar-house, the men and boys, on snow-shoes, carrying with ease huge filled buckets by means of the sap yoke, which is made to fit the shoulders comfortably, and so readily sustains the weight. Sometimes

oxen are used with the gathering sled, as they can make their steady way more easily through the deep snow in the woods than the more nervous and active farm horses.

The sap is poured into the storage tank, which is set outside of the sugar house; and if, as is usually the case,



AN IMPROVISED CAMP — By B. W. Kilburn

the sugar camp is located on the side of a hill, the storage tank is placed on the upper side, outside, and supplies the "evaporator" within automatically through a rubber tube, which is connected with a governor or regulator attached to the evaporator itself. By this means, when the fire is started in the furnace under the evapora-

tor, the sap begins to flow, by gravity, from the storage tank, through the rubber tube into the governor, and is admitted into the evaporator itself only as fast as the heat indicates it is being transformed into syrup.

The evaporator consists of a number of shallow chambers, or pans, connected with each other, and covering the entire length of the furnace, which may be twenty feet long. As the sap passes from one compartment to another, it becomes even hotter and thicker, the water in it passing off in clouds of fragrant steam, which escapes through the ventilators in the top of the sugar-house. At the end of the evaporator, when at the proper temperature and consistency, the beautiful amber-colored, translucent "honey" is drawn off and strained through white flannel into a huge receiving vessel. After being cooled it becomes still thicker and more sweet, and it is then poured into cans of various dimensions and is made ready for market.

A "SUGARING-OFF" PARTY By B. W. Kilburn

To make sugar, the process is stopped in the evaporator a little before the sap has become thick enough for syrup, and is then drawn off into the "sugaring-off" pan. This is an independent apparatus over its own little furnace, and is so arranged that the sap in it may be heated

THE COUNTRY HIGHWAY — By W. L. Lincoln Adams

to a much higher temperature than was possible in the evaporator. When it has been heated to the proper point, it is drawn off into moulds, and spontaneously "grains" into various shaped maple syrup cakes. This is in the improved modern method of making the sugar and syrup.

"THE APPEARANCE OF WINTER STILL LINGERS ON THE HILL FARMS" By W. L. Lincoln Adams

The old method of boiling the sap in huge kettles out-of-doors, or in pans over an improvised "arch," accomplished the same general results, though very imperfectly and with much greater effort on the part of the sugar makers and with considerable loss of sap. For when the sap is "running" in good sugar weather, it accumulates in the buckets and tank faster than it can be boiled into syrup unless the improved apparatus of the modern methods is employed. The quality of the syrup, moreover, depends to a great extent upon the time which elapses between drawing the sap from the trees and converting it into syrup.

If the process can be accomplished in the same day, under the best circumstances, the syrup is an exquisite pale amber-colored liquid, as clear as molten gold, and as beautiful and rich. It is redolent with earliest spring odors of the fragrant maple trees. It is the delicious essence of the dear young earth itself, liberally yielded in response to the ardent smiles of the glowing Spring sun.

"What moistens the lip,
What brightens the eye,
What brings back the past * * * *?"

asks our dearest New England poet, and for the man or woman whose youth has been lived in Northern New Hampshire or Vermont, the answer, I am sure, will not be the one of the poem ("The Rich Pumpkin Pie"), but, rather, warm maple honey, fresh from the boiling pan!

"The gray-haired New Englander" never tires of it, but, as he watches the sparkling wood fire with glowing countenance, seeing perhaps in the flames many another radiant face smiling to him from the dear past, he recalls those happy earlier days more vividly by tasting again the "pac wax" of his youth—the delicious hot syrup, cooled and hardened by being poured on driven snow.

COMING HOME By H. G. Diefendorf

AN EARLY MORNING RIDE

"OUR MOUNTAIN METROPOLIS" By W. I. Lincoln Adams

Chapter III

An Early Morning Ride

IT was Lord Herbert of Cherburg who declared that "a good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him," and one who has experienced the keen delight and healthful exhilaration of an early morning gallop over the dew-jeweled fields of Northern New Hampshire in the youth of the year can give hearty assent to the declaration.

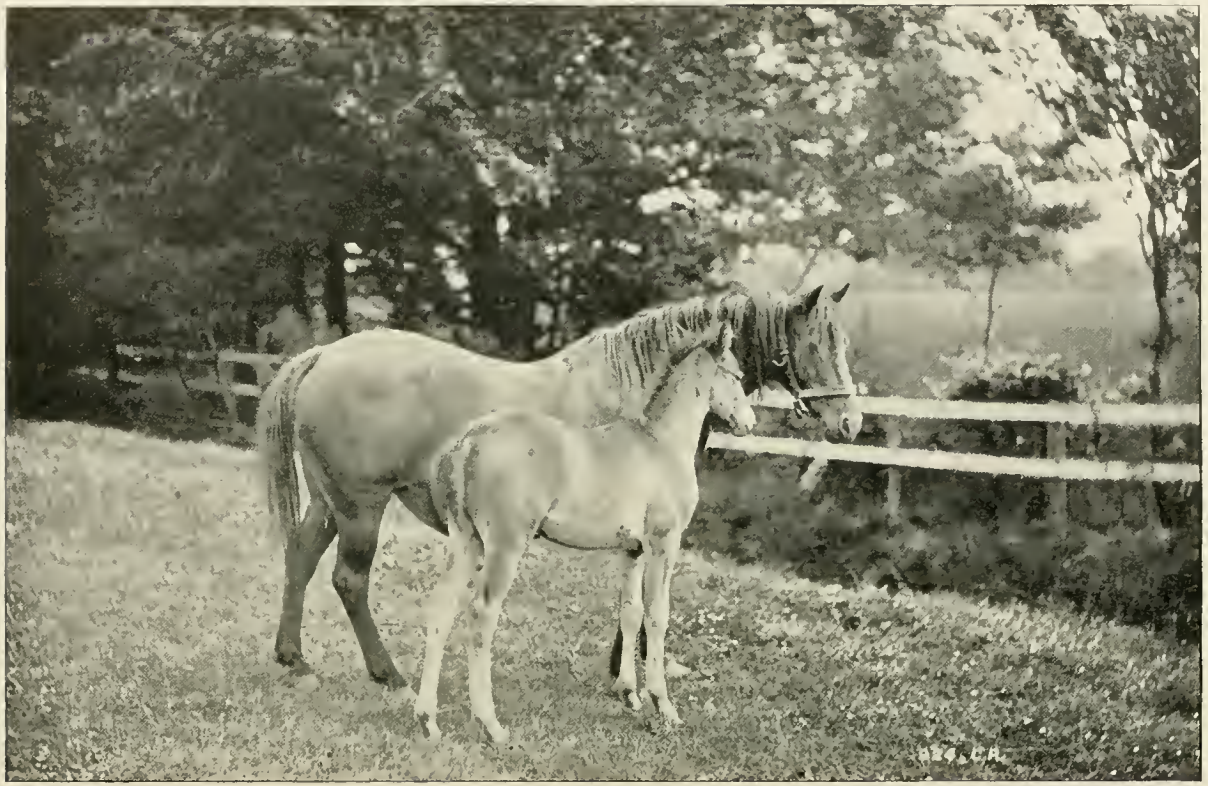
Spring is the season for an early morning ride in the mountains, as October and Indian summer is the time of all the year for the more contemplative outing of the afternoon. In May, in the country, it is easy to rise with the birds. One is awakened by their garrulous twittering at the very first approach of dawn, and, after a slight

repast, feeds, grooms and saddles one's own horse, in the cool freshness of the early morning. Then follows the quick mount on an eager steed and the inspiriting dash up the hill.

Ah, the exhilaration of those first few ecstatic bounds! Horse and rider seem actually to be one creature; a centaur is afield, and the wood nymphs are not far remote! Now the superb animal swings into a graceful, rhythmic trotting, as if to imaginary music, keeping perfect step, with arched neck and curving tail, nostrils dilate, and the springing hoofs seeming scarcely to touch the elastic turf. The rider is conscious of an ideal beauty of action and a boundless suppressed strength and speed. A turn is made into the long field by a slight pressure of rein against neck, and the restive animal is given full flight over the inviting stretch of velvety green.

"Now we're off, like the winds to the plain whence they came;
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!
Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirrs on my ear!"

At the farther end of this field is a vine-covered, straggling rail fence, which is so bowed with age as scarcely to be an obstacle in the course of an accustomed leaper. But we must draw rein to allow the gallant



MOTHER AND BABY

courser an opportunity to collect himself in his eager flight before "taking off" at the fence. Then give him his head and an encouraging word as well. See him bound up to the place with those short, strong gallops. What a noble sight! What confidence and conscious pride! Then the spring. Now is the time to sit close to the seat. From the knees down the legs may hang loosely enough, but a firm grip of the saddle must be had with the knees and the thighs. Bend slightly forward as your horse rises to his leap; then straighten up as he flies through the air, and, descending, thrust forward the stirrups, leaning rigidly back to withstand the shock of landing on the other side. The rein is drawn as the leaper touches the ground to assist his recovery and prevent him from falling.

The abandoned dash over the smooth turf is exhilarating enough, to be sure, but what can compare with the "fearless leap of a fiery steed!"

"I tell thee, O stranger, that unto me
The plunge of a fiery steed
Is a noble thought; to the brave and free
It is music and breath, and majesty,—
'Tis the life of a noble deed;
And the heart and mind are in spirit allied
In the charm of a morning's glorious ride."

Now we are approaching the cool margins of the fresh spring woods. Let us slowly amble along in their grateful shade, as both rider and horse are warm with the

glow of the same healthful exercise, and somewhat fatigued, moreover, from the fervor of the recent effort and excitement. How delightfully refreshing, this leafy solitude. We saunter along in its moist shade, the reins hanging idly on a muscular neck, the affectionate horse confining his pace to the steps of his master afoot. Here we are at the spring where the cattle come to drink, and where grows the juiciest grass. "You shall have a sweet bite, my brave fellow, for your run," and both horse and man shall have a cool drink. Then a remount and we're off for the Hill.

A GOOD SHEPHERD By B. W. Kilburn

Bounding along at an easy hand gallop we gradually ascend by a well-trodden path. Our "little brothers of the air" are in full song on all the trees about us. The most delicious Spring odors hang in the cool morning air, and rest, as a blessed benediction, on an eager, uncovered head. We reach the dome of the hill and wander out to its rocky edge. What a spectacle

IN THE WOODS — By W. L. Lincoln Adams

meets our gaze! Surely here, on a morning like this, is Lord Herbert's feeling of elevation truly justified and enhanced.

The snow-crowned dome of majestic old Washington, twenty miles away as the eagle flies, and the other peaks of the Presidential range, visible from our Hill, are rosy in the mellow light of the early morning; while the nearer hills of Vermont, on the other side of the river, are fresh and dewy and green. The morning mists, in the valleys below, are slowly lifting and melting away

before the glowing rays of the rising sun. The cows are leisurely issuing from the yard and making their orderly way toward the accustomed fields. There is stirring about the barns; doors are being opened, and shutters flung back at the house; and children's voices are heard singing and calling. It is time to return, so we slowly amble down the hill and along the country road to the house. The sun is now well up, and the day on the farm has begun.

Bright smiles and dancing eyes welcome the returning rider and horse. There are pleas for a ride, "just to the barn," which are not to be denied. But there is one tender smile, softer and more gentle than all the rest, which is full of loving solicitude, as the merrily laden beast is carefully guided to the stable door.

That smile always illumines our way. It is ever the same, knowing, helpful and tender, whether the face of the sun be obscured by passing clouds, or is shining, as now, in a cloudless blue.

Later in the day, during a leisure hour, I happened

GOING TO PASTURE — By W. Braybrooke Bailey

to pick up Mr. Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems,"* and, in looking through its fascinating pages, came upon the following graphic description of a mountain ride. It so nearly described my own morning gallop that I decided to include it with the other verses quoted in these pages. It is entitled:

THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
    Lightly I sweep
    From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
    Life's hoard of regret—
    All the terror and pain
    Of the chafing chain.
    Grind on, O cities, grind:
    I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls;
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

*"The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham. Published by Doubleday & McClure Co. Copyrighted, 1899, by Edwin Markham.

IN THE HAY-FIELD

HARVESTING

By L. Christ Delmonico

Chapter IV

IN THE HAY-FIELD

WE begin to make hay at Hilltop about the first of July, and, unless the conditions are unusually favorable, it requires nearly the whole month to harvest our entire crop. The tall grass in the near fields around the buildings and along the roadsides is first cut with the scythe and put into the barn. Then the machine is brought forth from its winter quarters, is oiled, put into thorough repair, and haying begins in earnest in the larger fields more remote from the house, and on the hillsides. The "tedder" and horse-rake are soon brought into requisition, and the work is divided up among the men.

If the weather is fine and hot, the grass which is cut in the morning may be raked into "windrows" the same afternoon, then stacked in the picturesque haycocks, and later drawn to the barns, perhaps in the cool of the evening of the same day. When showers threaten we all

turn in and work with a will, often till darkness intervenes. There is then an added zest to the work, and a merry spirit of rivalry as well.

Sometimes, however, the harvesting proceeds with more leisure. One may occasionally pause in one's work, perhaps it may be of cocking the hay, and leaning on the fork, remove the large-brimmed hat to allow the sweetly scented breeze to cool one's dampened forehead. How delicious is rest after physical effort! Or, if one

IN THE HAY-FIELD — By B. W. Kilburn

"LITTLE FARMERS" — By Daisy Wilson Adams

A HILLSIDE FARM — By B. W. Kilburn

AN OX-TEAM LOAD — By B. W. Kilburn

is well ahead of the wagon in his work, there may be time to throw one's self at full length in the shade of an overhanging tree nearby and there

"Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders 're thick and soft,
As the kivvers on the bed,
Mother fixes in the loft,"

as James Whitcomb Riley describes it

Have you ever heard the sweet crescendo of the mowing machine, resting thus, as it is intermittently borne to you on the breeze from the distant hay-field? Lazily close your eyes as you lie

there at full length on your back in the shade, or, dreamily glance up at the infinite blue above you, between the patches of the overhanging canopy of green, and drink in deep draughts of sweetest sounds and perfumes.

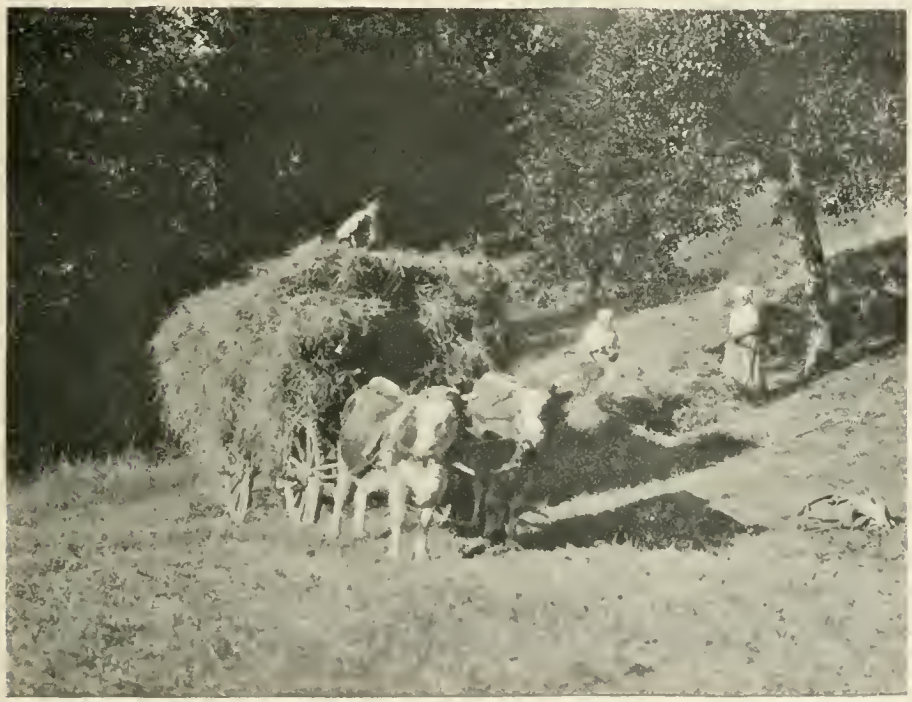
"Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead
Maybe, smiling back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold, and white and blue."

CUTTING THE HAY — By Llewelyn Morgan

Ah! This is a beautiful world, and it is good to be alive in it! But here comes the wagon for the last load of hay, and all hands fall to and fill it.

As we go lumbering along on our return to the barn, we are met by the children half way home, and all are pulled up on the load and merrily join in the ride. Even

the dear baby is carefully lifted up, and, laughing and crowing, is carried along with the others on her careful nurse's lap. Thus do we return in triumph with our last load of hay.



THE HAYMAKERS — By T. J. Preston, Jr.

HARVESTING THE CORN

THE CORN-FIELD

By H. F. Porter

Chapter V

HARVESTING THE CORN

AS the September days begin to grow shorter, and the nights more cool, we prepare for the approaching Autumn frosts. The potatoes are dug, dried, and stored in the cellar. The oats are cut, and later threshed, and all hands and some extra "help" are then summoned to harvest the corn.

Field corn is "stucked" in regular rows in the field and left there to dry in the open air, revealing, often, the big orange pumpkins which gleam from the vines between; but fodder corn, intended for ensilage, must be harvested, hauled to the barns, cut by the machine, and packed away in the "silo" for the winter use of the cattle, before it has been touched by even the lightest frost, else its sweetness

and much of its remarkable nutritive properties are gone.

The growth of an entire season of this, perhaps the most important crop here, excepting hay, is to be gathered. It is therefore a busy, and sometimes, maybe, an anxious time for the farmer when he harvests the corn. The uncertainty of the weather at this time, as in haying, is the element which adds a pleasureable excitement to the work, for the younger men at least, and perhaps lends a little more interest for all.

The machines, drawn by strong horses, arrive from a neighboring farm, where they have been at work, sometime during the night. We are aroused by a loud halloeing, perhaps as early (or late) as two o'clock, and go out into the clear, cool night to show our helpers where to put up their tired horses for the remainder of the night, and to assist them in unloading and setting up their apparatus ready for use at an early hour the next day. Then a few hours more of rest, and we are all up betimes for the work of the day.

Division of labor is the secret of economical effort on the farm, as in the shop or factory, so we divide our force for this, as for the other work at Hilltop. Two or three cutters are kept busy in the field, one man assisting to load the wagons. Two teams are employed to haul the corn, one returning empty to the field, as the other, ladened, approaches the barn. Several hands are required in the barn, some to "feed" the machine, while

"STUCKED" By Alfred Clements

others attend the cutter and horse-power, and one in the "silo" itself, packing away and treading down the finely cut corn, as it pours over the top from the "elevator" a gushing stream of fragrant vegetation. Stalk, leaves, and the small juicy cobs of corn are all alike cut into small bits of perhaps an inch in length, as they pass through the rapidly moving machine.

A second and third day are usually required, as busy as the first, to complete the work; then a layer of clean straw is placed thickly over the top of the stored ensilage, and we are ready for the frost when it comes.

Our crops are now all harvested and safely stored in the barns. The lofts are filled to overflowing; ample wood is stacked in the adjoining sheds, and only the fall "chores" remain to be done.

Time now permits of an occasional tramp over the hills with a camera, or the more social pleasure of an afternoon drive with crowded seats filled by closely huddled little ones.

The bright and toothsome "snow" apples are ripe along the roadside; blackberries, cold and moist with Autumn dew, are not yet entirely gone; and the beautiful aster and goldenrod of September, which skirts our way, are some of the treasures which are reserved for the happy hands of children to gather, as their proper harvest, on such rides as these.

And there are other harvests still to be gathered at

Hilltop—harvests of the Soul that are not to be described. There are Golden Sunsets, Crimson Dawns; Frosty Nights, as clear and pure as the glittering stars above which illumine them. And there are bright, mellow days of Autumn, with the bright, spiritual beauty and harmony of changing foliage.

THE END OF DAY — By Geo. W. Norris, M.D.

ECHO LAKE, Franconia Mountains. (A Favorite Drive) By Leslie Hatch

AN AUTUMN WALK

PLOUGHING

By W. L. Lincoln Adams

Chapter VI

An Autumn Walk

EMERSON has somewhere said, in reply to one complaining that there was nothing which seemed worth doing, "to take a walk!" We have certainly realized the truth of the sayings of the same genial philosopher: "That work is ever more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required," and "How wistfully, when we have promised to attend the working committee, we look at the distant hills and their seductions."

In the pleasant month of October, when all the harvests have been gathered, there are sometimes occasions when it is not necessary for the farmer "to attend the working committee," and when he can therefore yield to the seductions of the distant hills. At such times an exhilarating walk over the brilliant fields and hills and through the mellow autumnal woods may be enjoyed.

"We should go forth on the shortest walk," says Thoreau; "perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return,—prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again,—if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man, then you are ready for a walk." Only in the autumn can the farmer approximate this standard of freedom, and consequently enjoy to the fullest a random tramp over the alluring country side.

A THOROUGHBRED By W. I. Lincoln Adams

What a succession of pictures present themselves as we ramble on! First, are the long, smooth stretches of "mow fields," reaching far up the hillside, on which the picturesque cattle are comfortably grazing on the rich "fall feed." This makes the most effective foreground for the hills and woods beyond, a soft autumn sky completing the picture above. And what a keen pleasure it is to walk over the smooth, springing sward in the brisk,

bracing air of a northern October! Then we come to the pasture itself on the other slope of the hill, and follow the winding cow-path to the brook and the woods beyond it. The cattle have made excellent trails through the woodlands, also, along which we can walk unimpeded.

GRAZING By W. I. Lincoln Adams

Here we find always so much to interest. Perhaps it is a flock of young partridges which we startle up and which instantly scatter in all directions. Possibly a stray fox darts across our path, or a rabbit, and we can always witness the brisk antics of pert little chipmunks or the

red and flying squirrels. The tapping of the woodpecker on hollow trunks resounds loudly through forest aisles; ripened nuts are dropping on the dead leaves at our feet; the soothing wind sways gently the topmost branches overhead and tenderly brushes the coloring leaves to their winter resting-place below. It is a time to be silent and listen. Nature will speak to the reverent soul.

A BOWLDER By Daisy Wilson Adams

Wandering through the woods brings us at length to a clearing where timber has been cut. A further stretch of woodland takes us to a more distant hill, from which the picturesque little village, which is our "city," of Northern New England, can be seen, as the eagle sees it from the crags, nestling among the foot-hills below, along the winding river's course.

We return by the country highway in the waning light of the autumn afternoon, and our shadows, growing

long on the road at our backs as the sun settles down before us in the west, we are reminded, by the golden light, of that memorable walk, not unlike our own, which is described by Thoreau in his classic essay on walking. "I was walking in a meadow," he writes, "the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting,

FERNS By Daisy Wilson Adams

after a cold gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hillside, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its

beam. * * * We walked in so pure and bright a light gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed

DRIVING HOME THE COWS — By W. I. Lincoln Adams

like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening."

And so we return to our home in the tender twilight, and, as we draw near, the cows are seen wending their lazy way barnwards, driven from the pasture, with many shouts and gestures, by two small farmers who feel very big in the independence of their useful occupation.

THE HILL PASTURE

By W. I. Lincoln Adams

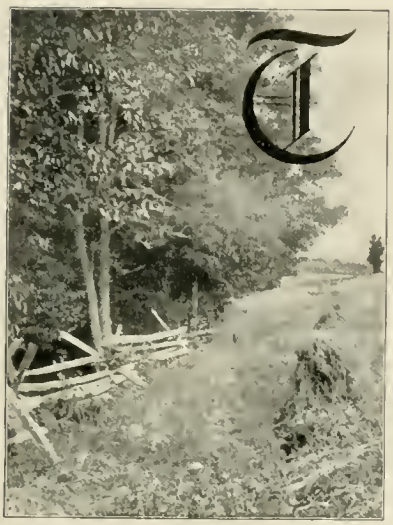
THE GOLDEN HOUR

TWILIGHT

By Arthur Wentworth Scott

Chapter VII

THE GOLDEN HOUR



THE evening meal over, we ascend the hill to view the splendors of the sunset hour.

A bank of softest cloud rests lightly on the Vermont hills across the river, and into it, as on a bed of down, the glowing sun is slowly sinking. Now appears the faintest blush of a most delicate pink suffusing the western sky. This tender color gradually deepens as the sun slowly settles lower into his evening resting place, and a redder tint is given to the surrounding clouds.

Slowly mounting higher toward the zenith, and extending farther along the horizon on both sides of the sun, this suffusion of red changes to more brilliant tints, until ere long a gorgeous crimson paints the evening sky.

The sun is now breaking through little irregular rifts and openings in its splendid enveloping cloud forms, transforming their edges to immaculate gold, and bathing all the sky between in an ideal flood of golden glory.

A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

By L. F. Brehmer

The crimson tints above are softened by this mellow glow and are exquisitely blending, in indescribable transitions of light and color.

The slowly floating clouds above the western horizon appear to the exalted imagination of the beholders as islands of the blessed drifting on a golden sea. They drift, they float, they separate and change color, revealing with every change of form and tint a greater glory of the sun.

Now bursts upon our enraptured gaze the very apotheosis of the sunset hour. The cloud forms are scattered to the right and left, and the delicate tints of color are overwhelmed in a last transcending flood of light. The sun has touched the transfigured edge of the western hills. It gently glides, imperceptibly, below them, pouring out, as it settles lower, above and abroad, in a last benediction of color and light, a glory which transforms the face of nature, and the faces, as well, of two enraptured children of God, who stand, hushed and breathless, in awe of His revelation.

This is the golden hour; this, the Spiritual Light which will never fail; but will shine on, in memory, forever.

"At the wood edge, what time the sun sank low,
We lingered speechless, being loath to leave
The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of eve,
And all the glamour of the afterglow.
We watched the purple shadows lengthen slow,
Saw the swift swallows through the clear air cleave,
And bats begin their wayward flight to weave,
Then rose reluctantly, and turned to go.

THE ROAD TO THE RIVER

By Guy B. Stearns

"But ere we won beyond the warder trees,
From out the dim deep copse that hid the swale
Welled of a sudden flutelike harmonies
Flooding the twilight, scale on silvery scale,
As though we heard, far o'er the sundering seas,
The pain and passion of the nightingale." *

With clasped hands and beating hearts we silently descend the hill. The light of day is over and evening draws near. We reach the winding road below which leads us to the home. A distant tingle of the solitary herd bell breaks the hushed silence; and the mellow sound of the vesper chime is faintly borne on the evening wind from the hamlet's little church across the river. The first dear star of evening shines dimly through the darkening blue; the misty half-moon grows more brilliant in the twilight, and the gathering dusk is settling on the farm.

Sweet is Evening's Tranquil Hour — By John H. Gear

* "The Wood Thrush at Eve," by Clinton Scollard, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1899.

AT DUSK

AT DUSK

By J. W. Nicholson

Chapter VIII

AT DUSK

WITH dusk, an indescribable spirit of contentment settles upon the farm. In the softly waning light one wanders to the barns, after the golden hour of enjoyment of the sunset glories from the hill. The dim outlines of the horses' rounding backs can scarce be discerned from the stable door, and the faithful animals seem larger than they really are in the dusk. The comfortable sound of munching hay is distinct in the stillness of the evening, and the cheerful chirrup of the crickets in the lofts above. The occasional rattle of a halter's ring against the iron of the feed box makes softer and more peaceful, by contrast, the gentle sound of evening.

Then one turns to the stabled cows in the large barn across the yard. And here the same sense of peaceful content is emphasized. The fodder rustles against the

stanchions in a most soothing way, and the sound of tossing horns and an occasional swish of tails are the appropriate accompaniments.

TWILIGHT By J. M. C. Grove

As one passes under the sheds in returning, the sleepy fowls are partially aroused and utter their drowsy night chutter in a mild surprise which is not alarm. They are perched upon the "spring" cart, the wooden body of the old farm wagon, and well nigh everywhere else beneath the cover, save on the poles which the thoughtful farmer has placed there for their express accommodation.

And so out again in the evening, now under the stars. There remains but the faintest tinge of darkening red above the western hills, the friendly stars are brightly glistening now in the deep blue of the evening sky; the half-moon makes soft, long masses of shadow, with the barns, the house and the large trees standing near, as she glides from beneath the gently passing clouds.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE

By B. W. Kilburn

A bevy of lately weaned chicks are startled in their orphaned sleep as the passerby steps close to their cosy resting place. They have cuddled for mutual warmth and comfort beside a large stone near the path, where the sheltering grass grows a little higher on one side. But they quickly subside in sleepy assurance as the foot falls more distantly on the path to the house, and their contented "peep-a-peep, peeps" are the last domestic

LATE HARVESTERS By Geo. W. Norris, M.D.

sounds of farm life to reach the ears of him who passes along.

It is good to stand uncovered here, on a night like this, under the summer stars. The cool night breezes come up from the meadows, sweet with the perfumes of the newly mown hay. The solitary whippoorwill is heard in the more distant wood below voicing his evening praise. All nature seems composing for the peace of the night.

AT DUSK

The farmer's day is over, the evening "chores" are done; all creatures of the farm are content, and rest awaits the man. Rest and love! Cannot he too be content? With uncovered head and opened soul a moment longer he lingers here, alone with God. * * * * * Then, the light and warmth and the love within.

"Now was the day departing and the air embrowned with shadows" By Geo. W. Norris, M.D.

WHEN IT RAINS

WHEN IT RAINS

By Nelld M. C. Knappen

Chapter IX

WHEN IT RAINS

"WHAT do you do when it rains?" sometimes asks the casual visitor at Hilltop. A rainy day is often the busiest day of the week on the farm, for indoor occupations and necessary work about the barns and farm buildings, which is neglected in fair weather, accumulates for the rainy day which is sure to come sooner or later.

The rainy day is the stock-taking time for the methodical farmer. In it he straightens out his affairs, he puts things in order, he balances his books. The little jobs he can never find time to do on pleasant days he readily performs when skies are dark.

And what a day it is for the children! The old tool house is transformed to the busiest of workshops on rainy days. There are gigantic kite frames to be made,

boat models to be fashioned, and all sorts and conditions of things, useful and of no discoverable use, to be constructed or taken apart.

Then there is the old attic over the "ell," filled with the accumulation of the generations, wonderful and mysterious things for curious childhood to examine—broken toys and once familiar playthings which have been discarded in former years, or the castaways of older brothers and sisters. What more delightful things than these when discovered by the eager children on rainy-day excursions in the old farm attic. They return to the workshop in the barn laden with their new found treasures, and rehabilitate them in their own original ways.

But when, after several days of continuing rain, as sometimes happens in the country, there has been time and to spare for all the indoor duties to be done, there comes a time when nothing particular is pressing, when, in fact, the farmer is free to take up some new and congenial occupation, or do nothing at all, as his mood may incline.

Absent friends, always remembered, are especially brought to mind, when the happy hours enjoyed together in former days, like these on the farm, are by them recalled. Their cherished letters are lingeringly reread and read again, and the warm response which they always awaken is given full and free expression in this happy hour of leisure. What is so good as writing thus

LOWERY WEATHER

By A. Horsley Hinton

to the friend of one's youth—unless it be the receiving of such a letter from the absent one.

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor,"

writes the poet, Thomson, in his "Seasons," and so from distant friends we turn to those other friends who are never absent, silent or speaking as our mood may be. There they are in alluring rows, few in number but choice of spirit. With books, as with people, it is ever true that there are no friends like the old friends. New books and papers come to our farm, but always to the old favorites we return when time gives opportunity for congenial reading. We glance along the familiar backs of Emerson's gracious volumes, Thoreau's Excursions and Life at Walden or on the Merrimack and Concord rivers. There, too, are the books of Burroughs and of Richard Jeffries, with their fellow lovers of nature, both here and in England. "The Old South" stories of Page and Cable, so different and yet all so charming. The delightful "Prue and I" of Curtis, which never fails to bring its full mead of cheer and joy on rainy afternoons like this, read here in the cozy nook for books, or taken to the barn and enjoyed upon the fragrant hay, where first we felt the tender charm of these gentle friends and lovers. And here are poets, too—

"Good to have a poet to fall back upon,"

AFTER THE SHOWER

By L. V. Kupper

as Edward Rowland Sill, himself a favorite poet, has naively sung.

"Pure Longfellow, great Emerson,
And all that Shakespeare's world can give."

Burns, who was farmer too, as well as poet and philosopher, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Burns of our own South.

We take to the hay to-day the farm lyrics of our dear Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and as we re-read "The Harper," an old favorite, resting at full length upon the clover under the rafters and dripping shingles, we are taken back to earlier days when

"The rain above, and a mother's love,
And God's companionship!"

made the world and life fresh and bright.

"Patter and drip and tinkle!
And there was the little bed
In the corner of the garret,
And the rafters overhead!

"And there was the little window—
Tinkle and drip and drip!
The rain above and a mother's love,
And God's companionship!"

"The rain above, and a mother's love," and * * * * "The rafters overhead" become singularly familiar * * * * "Tinkle and drip and drip" * * * * and gently and tenderly descends the delicious unconsciousness that rarely falls to mortals save to the farmer's boy.

WHEN IT RAINS

On returning to the house in the clearing light of the late afternoon, our little boy, who has a taste for dipping in the books, old and new, on shut-in days like these, meets us proudly at the door with a new discovery. In an old volume of hymns he has found some verses which "exactly describe our farm" (by changing here and there a word or phrase), and so he has been bold to make, and reads with much delight, the following paraphrase of Faber:

There is a power to bless
In Hilltop's loneliness,
  In woods and mountain places;
A virtue in the brook,
A freshness in the look
  Of meadows' joyful faces.

LOOKS LIKE RAIN — By Estelle G. Mozart

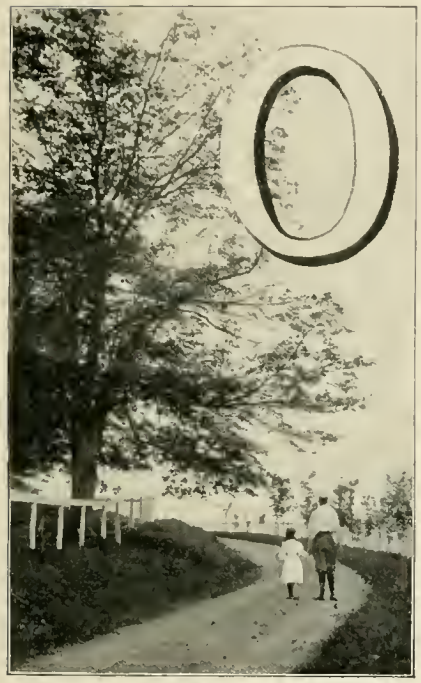
L. of C.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON THE FARM

ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL — By W. L. Lincoln Adams

Chapter X

PHOTOGRAPHING ON THE FARM



ON pleasant afternoons, in the fall of the year, when the atmosphere is clearest and the cloud-forms most beautiful, the alluring landscape of the farm is most tempting for the camera. Then, too, the days are cool and brisk, and invite a breezy tramp over the hills in search of the picturesque. There are harvest scenes to be treasured, stubbled corn-fields—

"Kind o' lonesome-like, but still
A-preaching sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill."

as the genial Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has so fascinatingly sung to us; and more extended landscapes, with magnificent cumuli-cloud skies—all to be photographed at this time of the year more successfully, perhaps, than at any other season.

On such days, I am afraid, the farmer with a camera,

who has a weakness for pictures, finds that this weakness is stronger than his sense of the duties to be performed, and the "hired man" is left unaided to do the necessary "chores," while the amateur photographer, who is, after all, only an amateur — not a "real" — farmer, as his little son has observingly remarked, wanders afield in search of the picturesque.

"THE PATIENT DONKEY" By B. W. Kilburn

He has not far to go nor long to seek, for pictures abound at the very door of a New England farm. Indeed, even the familiar, domestic scenes around the farm-house itself, and the barn-yard too, are most successful in photographs. Here are groups of merry children to be taken, frolicking with their patient donkey or playing about the barn door as little farmers; the sunny barn-yard, with favorite cattle or horses prominent in the foreground unconsciously assuming the picturesque

groups which they always so naturally seem to form; and simple fence corners, overgrown with a tangled mass of hop-vine, woodbine and clematis in the generous provision of Nature.

To illustrate the picture possibilities of a short walk in the immediate vicinity of our farm-house, I exposed the camera one afternoon five times in rather quick succession on the road leading to the house from the top of our hill. Each exposure was made only a few feet from the preceding one, and the result of all the exposures, while not particularly successful as technical photographs, were, I think, about of equal interest pictorially.

FRIENDS By B. W. Kilburn

The first plate is shown in the initial illustration to this paper. The next, taken from the center of the same road only a short distance from the first standpoint, shows the turn in the road, and the tops of the Vermont hills dimly seen in the distance on the other side of the river.

THE TURN IN THE ROAD — By W. I. Lincoln Adams

I then walked a little farther along and placed the camera on the side of the hill and made another exposure. In this picture is shown a decided change of sky, such as one may observe in the country so often at this time of the year. The soft, obscuring clouds suddenly brightened, so that their outlines became indistinct when photographed, and made it impossible to save the distance, even by a considerably shorter exposure.

I then stepped upon the road again and walked along to where the old orchard skirts the highway. It was growing later now, and the afternoon clouds once more assumed the charming subdued color which reproduces so beautifully in a photograph when correctly timed; the branches of the trees are delicately drawn against the afternoon sky, and the top of the barn is just appearing in the distance over the crest of the hill.

The last scene of all is the farm-house itself, softly outlined in the fading light. The Vermont mountains appear dimly in the distance beyond the Connecticut, and the setting sun is suggested, rather than shown, by the breaking light of the clouds overhead. The faithful farm dog happens to be standing in the center of the road, looking very natural there in the landscape, as I expose my last plate.

A walk in any other direction would have been found to abound in as many subjects for the camera. Wherever you go in the country, whether it be across the

"WHERE THE OLD ORCHARD SKIRTS THE HIGHWAY" By W. I. Lincoln Adams

fields, through the woods, or over the hills, attractive pictures are to be seen at every hand, and nothing helps us to appreciate and enjoy them so much as the modern hand-camera.

There is also a large and fruitful field for the camera on the farm in photographing natural objects in their local setting. The study of the natural sciences is greatly assisted by such photographs, and is certainly rendered much more interesting and instructive. Growing specimens of wild flowers make lovely pictures in their natural setting in the woods or meadows, and may be easily photographed even by the beginner. To catch the living specimens of birds or the wild creatures of the woods is not so simple a matter, though this, too, is often very successfully done. The value of the camera to science in this connection is only beginning to be demonstrated, and I think the work of such successful students as Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Roberts, Cherry and Richard Kearton, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, and others, is not appreciated at its real value.

The apparatus which I have found, all things considered, to be the most serviceable on the farm is the folding hand-camera making pictures four by five inches in size. Such a camera can be carried conveniently in the hand and used quickly for "snap-shots" at fleeting subjects; or it can be employed with a light tripod for making more exact pictures, such as architectural photo-

THE FARM-HOUSE

By W. L. Lincoln Adams

graphs of buildings, out-of-door groups, and carefully composed landscape and extended pictures.

I always use plates of moderate sensitiveness, and, notwithstanding their greater weight than films, find them, on the whole, much more satisfactory. My camera is arranged so that three double light plate-holders, carrying six plates in all, can be conveniently stored in it. They do not weigh appreciably more than a "loaded" roll-holder, and, as a rule, six exposures are all I can make with a proper amount of discrimination on an ordinary outing. For a longer trip, three extra holders of four-by-five size can very easily be carried in the pocket, which provides for an even dozen exposures in all.

Photographing scientific subjects, such as the native birds and animals in their natural surroundings, requires rather special apparatus, and for this kind of work I would refer the amateur to the Messrs. Kearton's two books* on this subject, particularly to the chapters describing their apparatus and their methods of using it.

Developing and printing can be put out to be done by a professional who makes a business of this work, or it can very easily be accomplished by one's self on the farm. Personally, I prefer to do all the work myself, as I can then control all the details of the various processes, and come nearer to obtaining the effect desired than when I leave it to an outsider to perform who has not the same interest which I have in the result.

* "With Nature and a Camera" and "Wild Life at Home."

WINTER DAYS

THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS

By B. W. Kilburn

Chapter XI

WINTER DAYS

AFTER the inevitable "January thaw," we usually have our coldest weather and the deepest snows in New Hampshire.

The day may have been a genial, sunny one, suggestive of the near approach of spring. The water has monotonously dripped, dripped all day from the melting snow on barn roofs and buildings, and in the middle of the road the snow is soft and wet, letting the sleigh runners in deep as the horses splash along the country highway.

But during the night the wind changes, the mercury falls abruptly many points, and a complete transformation takes place. We awaken in the morning to find ourselves in a new world, glistening and glittering in transcendent purity. The trees are bowed with the weight of their celestial fruitage. Bushes and shrubs are a mass of dazzling brilliancy, flashing back prismatic radiance from thousands of iridescent ice jewels. Long

THE BROOK IN WINTER

By R. Lockemeyer, Jr.

and ponderous icicles hang from the barn eves, where yesterday the snow water incessantly dropped. And the snow underfoot crunches and creaks, and is crusty and icy in the roadway and paths. The broad white stretches of hillside and meadow sparkle and glisten in the morning sun. The air is so crisp and clear, and "hollow," as the farmer calls it, that well-known distances seem not half so great as they really are. The hoary head of old Lafayette, for instance, which is at least fifteen miles away from our standpoint in the picture, appears to be not over five; while Mount Washington itself, which is over twenty-five miles distant from our hill, in an air-line, seems to be about as near as Lafayette.

After enjoying these distant views, we turn to the woods, where the most wonderful winter pictures await us. Here, as James Russell Lowell has so beautifully described in his vision of Sir Launfal, we behold, in awe:

"Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew,
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun;
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device

THE WAY OF BEAUTY — By B. W. Kilburn

Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost."

We come to the close of another winter day, tired with our long tramp through the silent woods and over the snow-clad hills, and hungry, ah, so hungry ! A snapping wood fire is merrily blazing in the open fireplace, lighting up the cozy farm-house sitting-room with a rosy glow, and throwing fitful shadows on the quaintly papered walls and low ceiling.

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat ;

* * * * *

What matter how the night behaved ?
What matter how the north wind raved ?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

With the setting of the sun another change has been taking place, the "north wind" has indeed begun to "rave" as the lines of Whittier suggest, and snow is falling again, driving against the window panes with ever-increasing force. The snow continues all night, and most of the following day, until by the next even-

FAIRY FROSTWORK

By Charles E. Maxwell

ing it lies deep around the little farm-house, snugly shutting it in, and completely obliterating the road in front. It has filled up all the paths around the buildings and lies deepest of all in the leafless woods. To-day it is as light and dry as the finest meal or sand. It thickly covers everything. To quote again from "The Snow-bound" of Whittier,—

"We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own,
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood;
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road."

No time for idling now; paths are to be made and the road broken through. A profusion of snow like this is what the provident farmer has been eagerly waiting for to "log in" his wood from the forest, where it has been felled and piled earlier in the season. The snow fills up all the inequalities of the rude wood-roads, so that what would otherwise be an almost impossible task becomes now comparatively easy. The patient oxen wallow along in the fleecy whiteness readily hauling the huge logs which slip along on the snow behind; the accompanying men are on snowshoes.

So, with seasonable recreations and labors the short winter days are happily filled. The quiet, restful evenings are no less enjoyed, and when, at an early hour, we betake ourselves to bed, sleep soon steals on,

". . . as sleep will do,
When hearts are light and life is new."

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